

THEY HAD TO LEAVE THEIR HAPPY HOME BECAUSE THEY BARKED

Neighbors of the Dog Refuge, Which Was in a Blissful State of Prosperity and Enjoyment, File Formal Complaint, and But for the Kind Offer of a Lady in the Suburbs the Fate of the Canines Would Have Been a Hard One--Some of the Leading Members of Society Deeply Interested.

WASHINGTON society people, who had been so enthusiastic over the dog farm, will be surprised on their return to the city to learn of the troubles of the institution while they were away. When the members of the committee left Washington they felt satisfied that the dog farm was permanently established, as they have worked hard to make it a fixture.

Just when everything at the dog home was going along smoothly troubles arose, the neighbors filed a complaint against the farm as a nuisance, and Mr. Buckley, the manager, was officially ordered to remove the dogs to another location.

A Lady to the Rescue.

Were it not for the generous offer of a lady living in the suburbs, who has placed her farm as a temporary refuge to the society in their search for a home for the thirty or more animals under their protection, including boarding dogs, whose owners are out of town for the season, the condition of affairs would today be hopeless, since to turn the animals into the District pound would be to defeat the very aim and purpose of the organization, which is essentially aimed at the protection of life.

Origin of the Home.

Miss Anna P. Thomas, of 2103 P Street northwest, was the originator of the dog home. Miss Thomas had been interested for a long time in getting up something that would take the place of the dog pound; so she went to several prominent ladies and told them her scheme to establish a dog farm. Each and every one to whom she went heartily indorsed the plan. The work of getting members was then begun, and before the formal opening of the canine home fifty members were enrolled on Miss Thomas' book.

This completed, the next question was to find a place for the home. Some one suggested to the committee that Mr. Frank J. Buckley, an agent for the Humane Society, who has wide experience in caring for pets and is the superintendent of the Cat Home, might be able to render the promoters material help. Mr. Buckley has a large and well equipped place at 2035 Thirtieth Street northwest, a part of which was at once converted into the Dog Farm.

An Ideal Selection.

The selection was an ideal one for the establishment and the canines appear to be perfectly happy and contented with their lot. Mr. Buckley was in charge of the home, and with the assistance of his wife, due protection and care was afforded the dogs of Washington, whether stray or high bred.

The food given to the dogs is good, fresh beef, cooked with cornmeal.

The association had spent \$150 in building kennels and putting up wire fences. There were twelve large, well-built kennels, and three distinct yards for the dogs to play in. The six boarding dogs there are owned by prominent people of Washington.

Some of the Patrons.

The Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin has a fox terrier there; Lieutenant McCartney a small fox terrier; Mrs. R. G. M. Brown a water spaniel; Mr. John H. Fox a small fox terrier, and Mr. Johnson, of 438 H Street northwest, a pointer.

A good, comfortable home has been found for one dog since the home started; this was a beagle hound, taken by Police Officer Hess, of Georgetown. The dogs that are taken away from the home are only given or sold to those persons who will guarantee to be responsible for their welfare; they must also buy a tag.

Veterinarian Employed.

While the dogs are generally very healthy, no chances are taken, and the farm is visited twice a week by a veterinary surgeon. When the association was started, Dr. R. R. Ashworth (formerly with the Health Board here, and for a good many years resident veterinary surgeon of the Rhode Island Kennel Club) offered his services gratis, and gives to the dogs at the home his personal attention.

Since the home was founded only one dog has had to be killed, and this was done only in mercy, as the poor thing had its back broken, and was in a pitiable condition when it was taken to the farm. Two members of the committee happened to be visiting the home at the time, and at once sent for Dr. Ashworth, who pronounced the little animal incurable.

This society, besides being a great blessing to the canines, is of great benefit to the community, as poor, hungry, and thirsty dogs sometimes run at large in the streets, and for want of water and food frequently go mad.

Lady Paunceforte's Kindness.

A pathetic little incident took place just before the departure of Lady Paunceforte for England. A little dog had been roaming around the vicinity of the British Embassy, unfed and un-

cared for, when Lady Paunceforte noticed it. After that every day she herself went out under the archway of the embassy and fed it. When she was ready to leave for England she paid Miss Thomas a farewell visit, and asked if the little dog might be sent to the home. Mr. Buckley was at once notified and called at the embassy and took the homeless little canine to the farm.

The Hon. Maud Paunceforte, who was on the committee, was very deeply interested in the work, and just before leaving Washington made a donation to the institution, and also announced her intention of becoming a sustaining member.

Brave Little Member.

One of the incorporators of the scheme is little Miss Nancy Yulee Neff, the eight-year-old daughter of Dr. Neff. Miss Neff wrote the letter printed below, without the assistance of anyone:

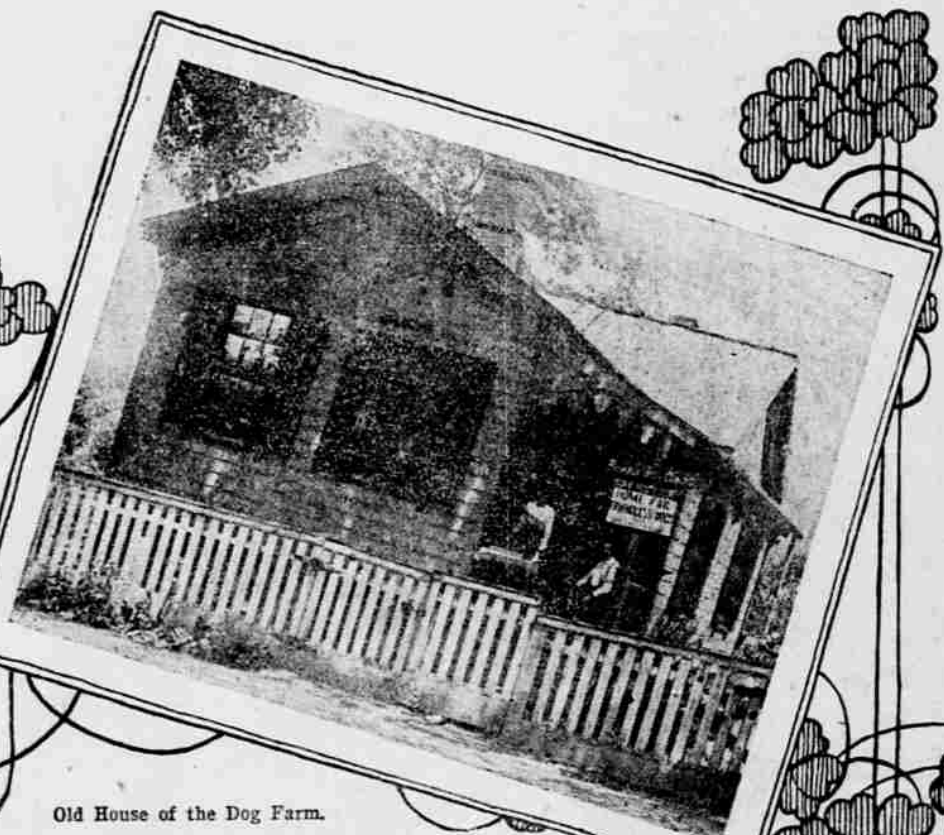
"April 10, 1902.

"1337 K Street northwest.

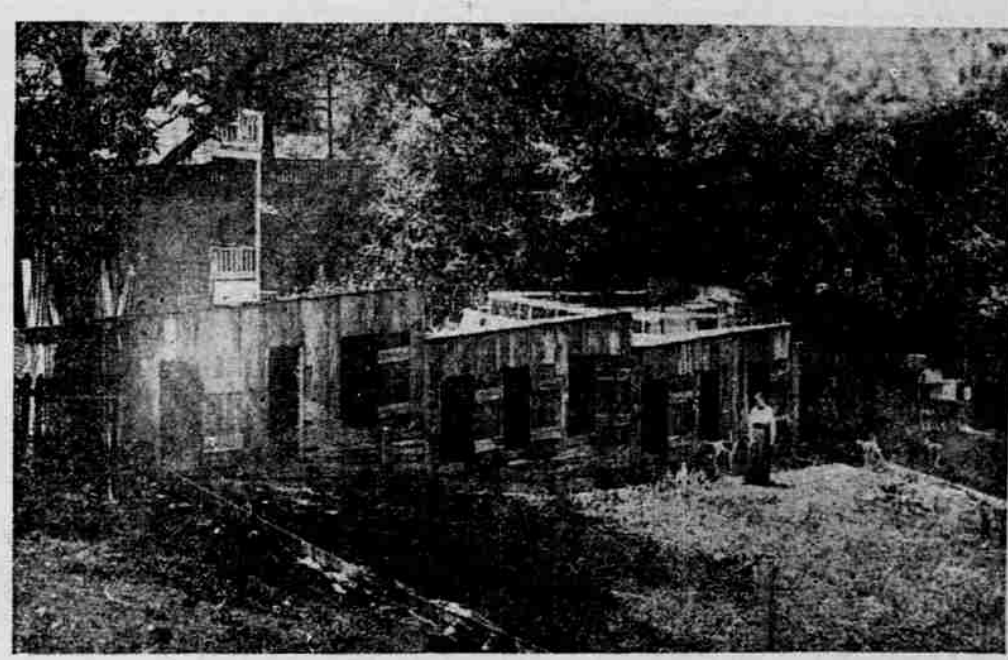
"To the Ladies of the Committee, 'Mesdames: I am a little girl who has taken a great interest in the Home for Homeless Dogs, and I would like very much to have a penny bank. 'I also send a dollar, in hopes that it may be a little help. I am going to ask all my little friends to help.

"Sincerely,

"NANCY YULEE NEFF."



Old House of the Dog Farm.



A General View of the Old Pens.

Mrs. William H. Chandler is a very enthusiastic member of the association. She became a life member, paying \$50 down at the beginning.

Dogs Who Help.

At the last meeting of the Society for Friendless Dogs an annual subscription of \$5 was received in memory of a pet dog. The society has a good many dog members. This is a later institution, and all of these dogs are contributing members. Among them are Rex Miles, belonging to Mrs. Nelson A. Miles; Rags Noble, belonging to Dr. Noble's little daughter; Tobias Long-fellow Goodrich, belonging to Mrs. Edward Payson Goodrich.

Officers of the Society.

The officers of the Society for Friendless Dogs are as follows: Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, president; Mrs. H. B. P. Macfarland, vice president; Miss Virginia

Prall, treasurer; Miss Anna P. Thomas, secretary.

Members of the Committee.

The committee is as follows: Mrs. William H. Chandler, Mrs. Joseph Hawley, Mrs. R. M. G. Brown, Mrs. H. B. Boynton, Mrs. Lowell Chamberlain, Miss Katherine Thomas, Mrs. Crammond Kennedy, Miss Josephine Webster, the Countess Cassini, the Hon. Maud Paunceforte, and Dr. R. R. Ashworth.

There is a large list of patrons, headed by Bishop and Mrs. Mackay-Smith, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, Mrs. Arthur Lee, Mrs. I. H. Henderson, and Dr. Neff.

Many children are members. They are taken in at half the fee, 50 cents a year.

The society has had the promise of a great many entertainments for the winter. Mrs. Noah, of Baltimore, will give a musical recitation, entitled "Enoch Arden," at the Woman's Club.



Dogs to Be Killed.



Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, Who Manage the Farm.



Dog Rescued by Lady Paunceforte.

SARDONYX, AUGUST'S BIRTHSTONE

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee,
No conjugal felicity.
The August-born, without this stone,
Thy said must live undoted and lone.

AFTER which warning declaration, where is the girl who celebrates her natal anniversary this month that would dare defy fate by neglecting to wear her superstitiously-assigned birthstone somewhere or other about her person?

To assist in the selection of a sardonyx-set trinket, the fashionable jeweler is ready with suggestions. The maiden of the August birthday has not so costly a gem as the ruby, which belongs to Miss July, nor so popular a stone as the sapphire, which Miss September claims for her own, but ways are not wanting by which she can hypnotize fate through the medium of the potential sardonyx.

One of the smartest forms in which the gem is mounted is in a fob. Sardonyx-set fobs come both for women and men, for all the August birthdays are by no means monopolized by fair femininity. A man will not be above obedience to the behest of superstition, if such deference can be expressed through the wearing of a fob from the black ribbon of which hangs a copy of George Washington's seal. Such a pendant is mounted with a sardonyx in a heavy encircling rim of gold, from which rise fluted arms of gold that curve together at the top to meet in a gold ring, by which the seal is hung from the ribbon. The copy of the Washington seal is one of the standard and most popular styles for men's fobs, but there are various other pendants mounted with an oblong or elliptical sardonyx, upon which may be engraved the coat-of-arms, crest, monogram, or initials cut side by side in old English letters.

Smart for some "him" whose birthday is to be remembered this month is a fob formed of three rows of spiral gold links making quite a broad band. This takes the place of the customary black ribbon. The pendant is a gold ball encircled with an ornamental band. The bottom of the ball is sardonyx.

Charms to be worn either on the watch chain or as fob pendants are set with square, oblong, elliptical or circular sardonyx.

Women have borrowed the fashion of wearing fobs from the men, and quite as smart styles are shown for them as for fob-wearing masculinity.

Egyptian designs are a fad in the jewelry of the moment, and the scarab venerated during its life and often embalmed after death by the ancient dwellers along the Nile is a favorite subject. Scarabs are often represented by hieroglyphics and on Egyptian monuments models of them in the most precious materials were worn as charms and buried with mummies.

A fob which will help the August-born girl to avert the calamity of "living unloved and alone," is composed of a series of five scarabs cut from as many different stones, one above the other and united by graceful ornamental links of gold. The scarabs are cut from sardonyx, bloodstone, matrix, jade, malachite, and laurodite. The combination of these gems of entirely different but artistically harmonized hues is very odd and striking. Just a single scarab carved from sardonyx is a smart pendant for a fob. On the back of the beetle are carved queer hieroglyphics which, presumably, add to the powers of the sardonyx as a talismanic gem. Sometimes two scarabs are pendant from the black silk ribbon—a scarab of sardonyx above a scarab of bloodstone.

LION-TIGER, THE NEWEST MONSTER

Although the possibility of breeding lion and tiger hybrids in captivity has long been known, the results of the experiments have not been very successful; the animals rarely reaching to their full size and development. More recently, says Mr. W. B. Tegetmeyer in "The Field," my friend Mr. Hagenbeck has obtained some extraordinary results, and has supplied me with particulars. The article is illustrated with some excellent photographs. One is of a mature animal which was born on May 11, 1897, so it is now rather more than five years old. It is a male. Its height across the withers as it stands erect is 45 inches. English measurement. Its length from the nose to the tip of the tail is 10 feet 2 inches, a length which exceeds that of a full-grown lion. In May during the present year it weighed 220 kilograms, equal to 467 pounds. It is an exceedingly fine, well-grown animal, showing slightly the stripes of the tiger, but it is not furnished with a mane like a lion, and as this appendage usually appears in the lion when three years old, it may be presumed that no mane will ever be present in the hybrid.

Mr. Hagenbeck has not yet succeeded in rearing any offspring from it. This animal is described by him as larger in size than any lion or tiger. He speaks of it as a monster, and says that the two young ones which are now only thirteen months old, are larger than any pure-bred lion or tiger of the same age, and he thinks if they progress satisfactorily they will grow to a greater size than the large male.

The two younger ones, which were a year old on the 28th of last April, are both males and show the tiger markings rather more distinctly than the older animals. In addition to these photographs Mr. Hagenbeck has sent me another of two young lion and tiger hybrids, male and female, born April 26, in the present year, twelve months after the birth of those reproduced. It shows the two little ones lying across a small terrace, which has furnished them with a small supply of milk, the remainder being given to them by a bottle. This same terrace was the nurse for the two larger ones. These animals, thus bred in what may be termed domestication, become exceedingly tame and docile.

HOW IT FEELS TO LIVE AT 119 IN THE SHADE

ARIZONA, the sun-kissed land, has already more than a local reputation for summer heat, but June 24 she proceeded to beat her previous records by at least 5 degrees. For nearly two weeks the mercury had danced attendance between 106 degrees and 114 degrees. On the fateful Tuesday a neighbor's thermometer went up to 120 degrees in the shade, then burst. In the Mesa bank, 122 degrees was reached. Our own thermometer, says an Arizona correspondent, hung under the brush shed in the coolest place we could find, registered 119 degrees, while the weather bureau in Phoenix, where observations are taken high enough to avoid the reflection from the pavement, announced 115 degrees as the maximum. This is the highest record made since the establishment of the United States Weather Bureau at Phoenix twenty years ago. From June 9 to June 18, 1896, was the longest continuous period of extremely hot weather within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, yet the maximum heat recorded was but 114.5.

The sky on that Tuesday morning was a blue-gray, with no single fleck of cloud. At 6 o'clock the thermometer was at 106 degrees and rising. Breakfast was untasted, "too hot to eat," being the universal verdict. The family dog, an old hound with a strain of coyote, who had an interesting family of young pups, showed her natural sagacity by digging a deep hole in the sun-baked earth, into which she retired with her family. Although entirely hidden from sight, her breathing could be heard yards away like the rapid pulsing of a gasoline engine. The cats sat in the shade with red rolling tongues. The cows and calves

kept up a continual wild bellowing. The horses were irritable and restless, biting and kicking each other viciously, and when the watering troughs ran dry by reason of the unparalleled demand upon them, they used their hoofs upon them with such vigor that two of them gave way. Then some of the wildest bronchos, who never made friends nor allowed any one near them, came voluntarily to the big gates opening from the corral into the yard, begging to be let in. The hens, with wide open bills and ruffled, dragging feathers, ran protesting from the shade of the racks to the water jars and back again, many of the little chickens dropping dead from the overpowering heat.

A big tarantula dropped out of the well, too stupid to show fight, and even the house flies, Arizona's greatest insect pest, dropped dead by the hundreds.

At 10 o'clock the mercury was 112 and climbing. Then sprang up a breeze stiflingly hot, like the blast from a furnace. The cottonwood trees wilted, the sunflowers bent their heads, spectacles taken off and laid down a moment where the sun touched them blistered the nose. Shell and bone hairpins split and twisted out of all shape; vaseline in jars became liquid; candles turned over their sticks and dropped a tallow stream on the floor. Shoes standing on a shelf in the tent gave out a smell like burned leather, and butter fresh from the ice box with ice in the dish liquefied before it reached the bread. No metal could be touched without thick gloves.

The expressman driving up from town wore heavy buckskin mittens to enable him to handle the machinery he was bringing. At the ice factory near by

cakes of ice exposed to the sun as they were being loaded into a wagon for delivery gave forth a stinging sound and were blistered just as a varnished chair is when it is allowed to stand too close to a red-hot stove. Water running through the pipes was too hot to use for a bath. The ground, in the sun, burned the feet through heavy shoes, and the pegs in the cribbage board were too hot to use without a handkerchief.

Clothing, even the lightest, seemed too grievous to be borne. All mental labor was impossible, but physical labor in the shade was really a blessing. If the humidity meanwhile had compared with the usual average on the coast there must inevitably have resulted a great loss of life, but dryness is the saving clause in Arizona heat.

The average relative humidity on that memorable hot day was but 12 per cent, and not a single case of sunstroke or heat prostration was reported, although most of the ranchers and cattlemen kept at their work much as usual.

Among the amusing instances connected with this spurt of the mercury was the experience of a New York man. He reached Phoenix on that hot morning, having made arrangements by letter to spend the summer at one of the valley ranches. He was a sufferer from some form of kidney disease, for which the dry heat of the territory is an almost certain cure.

The rancher met him at the station and loading him and his trunk in the farm wagon struck off for his drive of twelve miles across the desert. They reached their destination early in the afternoon, but the New York man was scared out.

"Never mind the cure," he said, "New York is good enough for me. Take me back."